

-A- PLAYER'S GUIDE +⊕+ THE PLANES

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A Players Guide to the Planes

WELCOME TO THE PLANES

*So you made it, eh?
And now you think you're tough 'cause
spells and fly around on your silver cord?
Well, I got news. You berk.
I live out here and I was born tough.
So why don't you just fly back home, eh?
- Tavis the Reaver's greetings
to an astral traveler in Sigil*

*Welcome,
addle-cove!
Welcome to the
worlds beyond
your world, the
great wheel of
the cosmos. This
is a great place!
Where else can a
poor sod mingle
with mighty
minions of the
great powers, or
sail the astral
ocean, or visit
the flaming
courts of the City
of Brass, or even
battle fiends on
their home turf?
Hey, welcome to
the lands of the
living and the
dead!*

So, where to
begin? Sigil, of
course - there
ain't no other
place worth
beginning. Sigil:
the City of



Doors. This town's the gateway to everything and

everywhere that matters. Step through one door and enter the halls of Ysgard, or turn down a particular alley and discover the Abyss. There are more gateways in Sigil than can be imagined; with all those doors Sigil's a useful place - and then some.

Want to share a drink with a fiend, or maybe discuss philosophy with a deva? Here it can happen in the same day, the same afternoon, even at the same table - nothing's too unlikely for Sigil. Strange folks abound here, and any one of them may prove ally or foe. Where else but in Sigil do humans, elves, dwarves, githzerai, bariaur, and tieflings form adventuring companies? Where but in Sigil can a well-heeled cutter hire a githyanki ship or a legion of yugoloth mercs? This is the place to live... or die.

No surprise every basher out there wants Sigil! The Cage'd be a pearl for any tanar'ri prince or baatezu lord. 'Course, a few big shots have tried to storm the city, but Sigil's not without her defenses. That birdcage's got more ways to close her doors than folks know about. Then there's the Mazes, nasty little places Sigil makes for would-be dictators. Those that get caught inside go barmy, poor berks - sometimes they scream so much a body can hardly stand it.

But there's a lot more out there than just Sigil. Get outside the city and there's the planes themselves: the throne of the gods, the battleground of the eternal Blood War, and home to more horrors and wonders than ever existed on any prime world. There's enough crusades, exploits, treasures, and mysteries to keep a band of adventurers busy for centuries to come (though why a body'd want to go to some of those places is beyond reasoning). Anyway, all it takes is the right door, so step right through!

WHAT'S WHAT AND WHAT'S WHERE?

*It all depends
on where you stand
- Marat-Thon, Signer*

Before stepping through any door, a body'd better have a quick lesson in cosmology - how else is a basher going to know where and what things are? First, it's important to know just what a plane is. To the serious philosopher types, a plane's a world, or a collection of worlds, that operates according to its own particular laws, including those affecting magic, gravity, and even the morals of the place. On some of these planes, the laws of "up" and "down" aren't the same; on others, evocation magic yields different results; and elsewhere, behaving even slightly out of line with the powers of the place makes for grim results.

Planes are either immense and infinite, in which case they're just called planes, or they're limited by definite borders and are called demiplanes. The exact number of planes is unknown and probably infinite, and planar travelers know of only three main categories: the Prime Material Plane, the Inner Planes, and the Outer Planes. Still, those three have more than enough space for a flaming large number of different planes.

To get around in the planar multiverse, there are three basic rules to remember:

- The Center of the Multiverse
- The Unity of Rings

- The Rule of Threes

These truths pretty well describe the structure of all the universes, so learn them well!

THE CENTER OF THE MULTIVERSE

It's usually upsetting to Prime Material bashers when they hear that their little world isn't the center of the universe, which is why they're known to planars as the Clueless. Members of a faction called the Signers might argue otherwise, but smart folks say there's no particular center to the planar multiverse. Rather, it all depends on where you stand. Folks in Sigil see the City of Doors as the center of the multiverse, folks on the Prime Material Plane say their own worlds are the center of the universe, and the efreet brag that the City of Brass is the center of all. The thing is, maybe they're all right and maybe they're all wrong.

Maybe they're all right because - the multiverse being infinite by most standards - no matter where you stand, that's the center of all things. The Signers have turned that idea into a whole philosophy: "I'm always at the center of the multiverse; therefore, I must be the center of all universes," they say. 'Course, the Signer's aren't quite right, because by that logic everyone stands at the center of the multiverse. (The Signers resolve this little paradox by ignoring it.)

In blunt words, the fact is there ain't any place in the whole multiverse that's more important than any other. For instance, Mystara on the Prime Material Plane is not the most powerful, influential, and important point in the multiverse; it's not the sole reason all other planes and powers exist. Hey, the uncounted layers of the Abyss stink of Evil itself, but exactly zero of the other Outer Planes kowtow to them, regardless of what the fiends there claim! Some places - like Sigil - are more useful than others, though. Just because it's not the center of the universe, don't think it ain't important, berk.

THE UNITY OF RING

A ring's a thing without a beginning or end. Remember that, because rings are the second key to understanding the planes. Everything comes in rings. Sigil is a ring, the Outlands are many rings, the Outer Planes form a ring, the Elemental Planes form a ring - this is the way of the multiverse, understand?

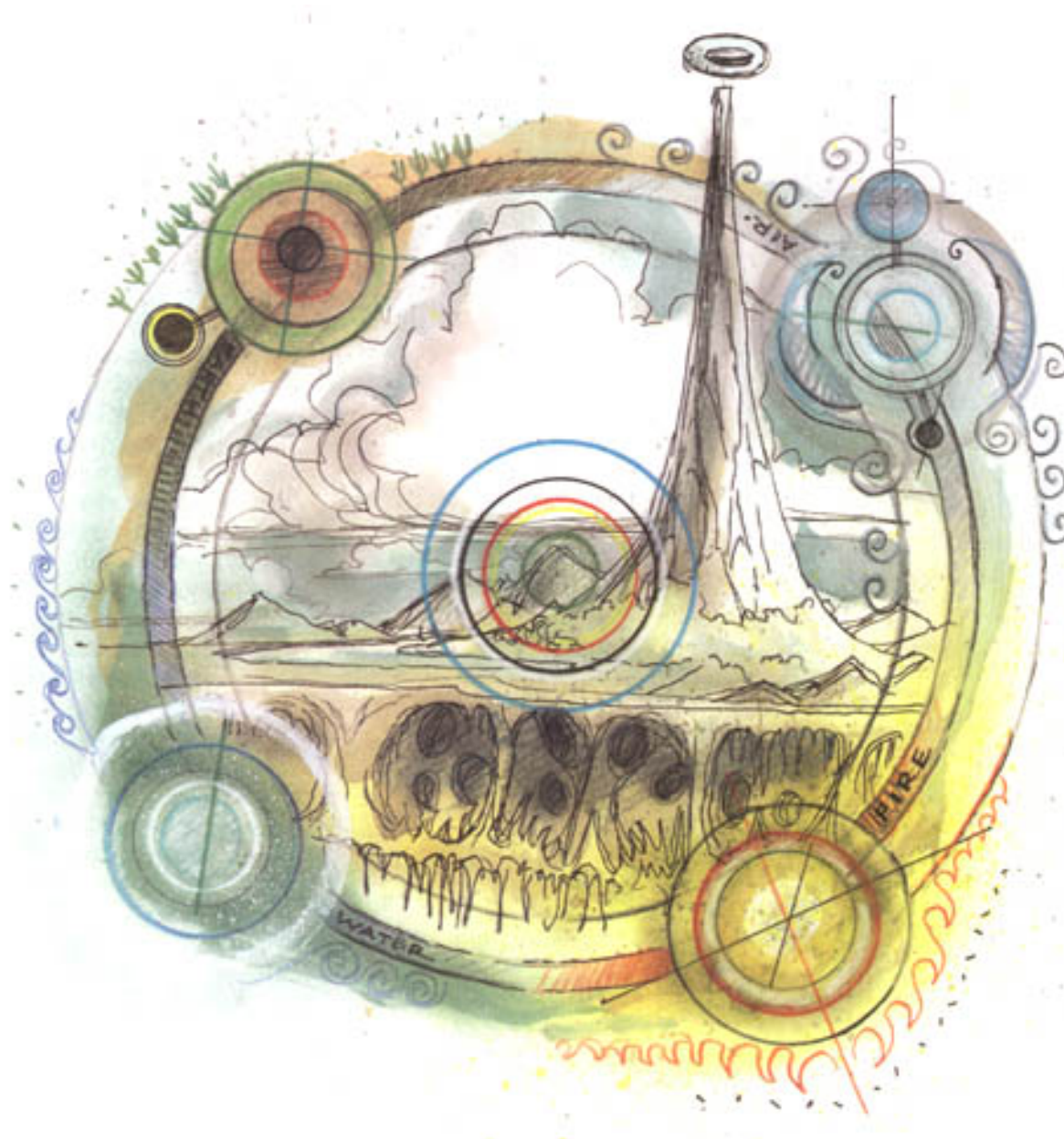
On the Outer Planes, the Great Road is the band of the ring, and all the planes are its gemstones. Following the Great Road, Mechanus leads to Acheron, Acheron leads to Baator, Baator leads to Gehenna, and so on. By following the road, the order never changes.

On the side, the powers think in rings, too - circles upon circles of logic that go nowhere. A body's always got to watch out for their endless snares.

THE RULES OF THREES

"Good things come in threes," they say. Well, so do bad things. Either way, the number 3's important - some say it's got power. Things out here tend to happen in threes, like Prime Material, Inner, and Outer Planes; Good, Evil, and Neutrality; Law, Chaos, and Neutrality; even prime, planar, and petitioner. See two things and ask, "Where's the third?"

THE GRAND DESIGN



Okay, enough philosophy. The next question is, "How does the whole multiverse fit together?" Well, that depends on who gets asked. A Bleaker will say there ain't no scheme, while a Godsmen will go on about innate celestial glory and the like. None of them will answer the question straight. Maybe the best thing to do is to get a hold of the Guvners and ask them. (Fact is, their answer's no better than anyone else's, but they like to put things into nicely defined

categories, and at least that'll give a clear picture.) Their answer would go something like this: There's three (remember the Rule of Threes?) basic divisions of the multiverse: the Prime Material Plane, the Inner Planes, and the Outer Planes. Although they're all connected to each other in a variety of ways, it's easiest to picture each as separate from the others.

PRIME MATERIAL PLANE

The Prime Material is just one plane, but it contains lots of individual worlds. A world may be only a single planet or it may be a complete system with planets, moons, asteroids, comets, stars, and more. Each world is sealed like a bubble in its own crystal sphere, and that sphere is suspended within an amber stream called the phlogiston. (Those that know can travel from sphere to sphere through the phlogiston by a process known as spelljamming, but that's neither here nor there.)

Some of the better-known worlds on the Prime Material Plane are Toril with its Tears of Selune and Krynn with its three moons and vanishing stars. Those and all the others are unique places with vastly

different cultures and celestial topographies, but they're all plainly called "worlds," just the same. Indeed, any world that isn't planar can be found somewhere on the Prime Material Plane, provided you know where to look. The worlds and occupants of the Prime Material contrast based on the current development of culture, science, magic, and natural evolution.

THE INNER PLANES

These are the rings of the elements, the building matter of the Prime Material Plane. There are - you guessed it - three categories within the Inner Planes: the major elementals, the paraelementals, and the quasiaelementals.

The Elemental Planes consist of six dominant universes: Fire, Air, Earth, Water, Positive Energy, and Negative Energy. Where these forms meet are the Paraelemental and Quasiaelemental Planes. The Paraelemental Planes exist where Earth, Air, Fire, and Water merge into each other. The Quasiaelemental Planes are created at the borders of the Positive and Negative Planes, between the basic elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water.

It's best to describe the Elemental Planes as extremely "single-minded." Each plane is based around its particular element, to the near exclusion of all else - the plane of Fire is filled with fire and creatures of flame, the plane of Earth is filled with earth and rock-like beings, and so on. For most primes and planars, travel and survival on the Elemental Planes ain't easy.

THE OUTER PLANES

The Outer Planes comprise the greatest of all the rings, at least according to most planars. Primes and elementals tend to disagree, but they just don't want to acknowledge the glory of this realm. The Outer Planes are the home of the powers, deities who for some reason take interest in the lives of mortals. Out here can be found gods, demigods, and fiends, along with petitioners, planars, and a host of other creatures.

As mentioned, the Outer Planes are arranged in an immense ring, and each plane is its own universe. Some have limits, others are infinite. Each plane is linked to those adjacent to it by fixed gates - folks call the path between them the Great Road. With a map to the gates, a body can travel the entire circumference of the Outer Planes. 'Course, that's provided the fiends don't get him first....

Where the prime-material worlds vary by natural, technical, and magical development, and the Elemental Planes contrast by substance, the Outer Planes differ by morality. Each one is attuned to a particular alignment, and the berks and terrain within it subtly or overtly reflect that alignment. The powers choose their homes within the planes of their own alignments, too. Limbo is chaotic and ever-changing, Mechanus rigid and organized, Mount Celestia is peaceful, and the Abyss is brutal and deadly.

The Outer Planes are divided into (of course) three main groups: the Upper Planes of Good, the Lower Planes of Evil, and the Boundary Planes of Neutrality. Here's a good piece of advice: The Lower Planes are the site of the ever-raging Blood War, the lawless conflict that's raged for eternity between the tanar'ri and the baatezu. They're not places the foolish can pass through and live.

THE PATHS BETWEEN THE PLANES

*Barren? Yes, but no one crosses
the silver void without our knowledge
- Sivisk Imchal, Githyanki*

There's more out there than just the three plane groups, though. They aren't all butted up against each other, nice and tight. There's roads and rivers between them, loosely linking the multiverse together. After all, how's a body to get around without paths? Fact is, there's three ways to move around the planes (not including walking through the doors of Sigil, which can instantly get you just about anywhere you want to go). All three methods of travel have their uses, because not all three ways are always there.

THE ETHEREAL PLANE

The Ethereal is the conduit between the Prime Material Plane and the Inner Planes. Every place on the Prime is touched by the Ethereal's vapors, and every point of the Inner Planes is part of the ghostly web, too. Just knowing it's there won't do much good, though - it takes power to break the wall between the planes. Spells and magical items can do it, if a berk's got them. Then again, vortices - rare places where the Elemental Planes bleed right into the Prime Material - can short-cut the whole journey, carrying a sod straight from the Prime to one of the Inner Planes, or maybe even back again. (A volcano's a typical spot to look for a vortex to the plane of Fire, for instance.)

Some folks say the Ethereal Plane's a big, misty place with nothing in it. That's one way to tell the liars, because the Ethereal's really a busy place. Along its edges (it's infinite and touches everything, but it still has edges, so go figure), a fellow can see into neighboring planes. Move off the edge of your plane, into the Deep Ethereal, and it's like an ocean. A body can swim for leagues without touching anything and then, all of a sudden like, there's an island floating in the mist. These are demiplanes, little pocket worlds with rules and realities all their own. Sometimes Sigil spits one of these out at the command of the Lady of Pain - special prisons called Mazes, for her would-be conquerors - and some demiplanes are "grown" by wizards. Most of them are safe enough, but there's rumors of one that's a place of absolute terror - few folks ever come back from that one.

THE ASTRAL PLANE

The Astral is what's needed to get from the Prime Material to the Outer Planes. On the Prime it touches every place, just like the Ethereal Plane, yet those two planes - Astral and Ethereal - never meet. The Astral Plane also connects to each of the Outer Planes, provided a body knows where to find the door.

Some folks say traveling the Astral Plane's the hardest of all. Most of these folks are primes, who have to deal with silver cords that tether them to their bodies back on the Prime. Planars don't have that problem, of course, but it still isn't that easy to cross the boundary into the Astral realm. The best way's by the astral spell, granted by the powers to their special servants. Wizards favor magical devices. The most direct routes are through conduits and color pools, which can sweep a body straight from the Prime Material to any of the Outer Planes.

Although it looks empty, the Astral Plane's a pretty busy place. Travelers there better be ready to deal with the githyanki, because the silvery void's their home. Huge fortresses filled with their kind drift through the silver stream, and githyanki ships have been sighted sailing the Astral Plane. The githyanki

aren't alone, either. There's other stuff bigger and meaner than them, like astral dreadnoughts, astral whales, and islands formed from the decaying corpses of ancient powers. Most travelers treat this plane as a good place to leave quickly.

THE OUTLANDS

With Sigil at the center, the Outlands are the last pathway to the Outer Planes. Sure the Outlands are one of the Outer Planes, but this one's different from the others. It's not part of the ring - it's the center of the ring. Journey across the Outlands (or the Land, as some call it) and eventually a body gets elsewhere - not just elsewhere on the plane, but into another plane entirely. The farther a body goes toward a plane on the ring, the more the Land looks like that plane, until at last he (or she, or it) comes to a gate between here and there.

Out on the Land the gates are fixed. If a body knows the way around, then he can always find the door. A lot of portals have little towns next to them, where traders and mercenaries who've got business with denizens beyond the gates meet - towns like Glorium (near Ysgard), Plague-Mort (near the Abyss), and Ribcage (near Baator). Some of them are actually quiet and safe little burgs, while others are almost as horrible as the planes they watch.

SIGIL

It's worth repeating: Sigil's like no other place, anywhere! In this town there are doors to every blamin' place in the multiverse:



the worlds of the Prime Material; the Para- and Quasielemental Planes and their Elemental counterparts; the mists of the Ethereal and its demiplanes; the silver void of the Astral; and every plane and layer of the Outer Planes. Here's the big catch: knowing the doors exist is one thing, and finding them is another. Sometimes they move, sometimes they're guarded, and sometimes they're just plain hidden. But as every faction knows, knowledge is power.

Knowing just where to find a dozen doors and what lies on the other side of them doesn't make a cutter a high-up man in Sigil, though. A berk hasn't seen the real power on the Outlands until he's seen the Lady of Pain floating through the streets, all ensconced in glittering, keen blades. She's why Sigil stays safe, why even the most powerful bashers stay respectful in town, why the Blood War doesn't come crashing through the city gates. She talks to nobody, and nobody talks to her, because those that do end up going barmy.

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DENIZENS OF THE PLANES

A lot of sods from the Prime Material are amazed to see so many folks out here. Poor berks, they just haven't learned they're not the center of the universe. 'Course there's lots of folks on the planes, because this is their home! Everybody out here can be sorted into primes, planars, petitioners, proxies, and powers, and just who's who makes a big difference. It don't pay to confuse a planar with a petitioner, for one.

PRIMES

*Waterdeep?
Never heard of it.
- Factol Pentar,
Doomguard*

"Primes" is a polite way of naming them - more often they get called Outsiders or Clueless. Primes are mortal travelers born on any world in the Prime Material Plane who have since ventured beyond their narrow realm. They're usually humans, elves, dwarves, and the like, but don't be too quick to label anybody as a prime or anything else. (Woe to the berk who calls a githzerai a prime!) Most primes are just visitors who journey to the planes for some particular purpose, but some are





adventuresome types who've set up permanent shop on the planes, most often in Sigil. A few prime settlers are found scattered about the Outer Planes (mostly in the upper reaches), and wizard primes like to make demiplanes in the Ethereal, but neither's very common.

Primes got one big advantage over lockal folks: They're not susceptible to planar-related magic. Seems that while planar folks are sensitive to spells that protect, summon, or banish, the primes are completely immune. A monster summoning will never drag primes away at an unexpected moment, and a holy word won't go casting them back to their prime-material world. Even a protection from evil spell doesn't consider them extraplanar creatures.

It pays to treat primes with respect, even if they've got a load of peculiar ideas. Getting to the planes takes power, and more than a few primes could boil a sod's blood just for looking at him sideways. 'Course, not every prime's powerful, but the problem is, with their funny habits, there's just no way to know. Remember, most primes don't know the lay of the land. They mostly think their tiny world is the center of the universe, and they've never heard of the Rule of Threes or the Unity of Rings, either. They're likely to think that just because a thing's got horns, it's evil. They can be easy conies for the bobbbers, but real touchy if they learn they've been had, so be careful around a prime, at least until he shows you what he's got.

PLANARS

*Mechanus? My home. It's great place -
everybody knows what their role is.
- Factol Pentar, Doomguard*

*Gods protect us
from the boredom that is Mechanus
- Factol Karan, Chaosman*

Most folks out here are planars, born and bred on the planes. Planars ain't all horrible monsters or whatnot; that's a mistake some green prime's likely to make. Planars include all sorts of folks: humans, half-elves, githzerai, and the like, in addition to some more exotic types. One thought worthy of a prime is can't be native to the Outer Planes. Some primes think their races are unique to the Prime Material Plane. Well, maybe that's where humans and half-elves first came from, but these people have been living in cities and towns out here for millennia. Way back at the Beginning, humans were probably unknown out here, but with time the lost, the curious, the exiled, and the just blamed unlucky made themselves homes out here on the planes.

On the surface, it should be real easy to tell a prime from a planar, but it ain't. A human - prime or planar - looks like a human. A body's got to talk to them and know them to be sure what they are, which is another good reason to treat them all with respect. With others it's pretty easy to tell; a

githzerai, bariaur, or tiefling's pretty easy to peg (but it pays to be respectful to them, too).

Planars do have powers that make them different from primes. It's part of their extradimensional blood, something that just comes from being born a part of the extended cosmos. Planars don't have a silver cord, that magical thread that ties a prime back to his or her prime-material world. Planars also have the power to see the gates between planes. ('Course, these crossing points are limited to certain locations. A planar can't just will himself onto the Astral Plane from anywhere. He's got to journey to wherever the gate is.) Those meshes, between the planes are clear to any planar. A prime won't see anything, but a planar sees the glowing outline of a portal.

Planars got their weaknesses, too. They are, in fact, extraplanar and suffer from things like protection from evil, holy word, and exaction. Almost as bad, planars can be hauled off to the Prime Material Plane without notice by monster summonings and the like.

PETITIONERS

The majority of bodies on the planes are petitioners, which are departed spirits of primes and planars whose bodies reformed on the plane that matches their previous alignment or devotion. A petitioner retains the mannerisms, speech, even general interests of his or her former self, but all memories of the past are wiped completely away. At best, a petitioner has a shadowy recollection of a previous life, but little or nothing useful can be learned from these fleeting images. Petitioners mostly desire to attain some ultimate union with the powers of their plane. This can be accomplished in a number of ways: good works, serene contemplation, steadfast faith, or vile notoriety, depending upon the petitioner's alignment.

Petitioners hate leaving their home plane, as "death" outside that place results in oblivion. Fact is, they can't be resurrected if slain at home, either; once dead, the petitioners' essences are merged with the plane, but they figure that's better than nonexistence. Still, a power's got to raise an army now and then, and it may be petitioners that fill out the ranks, but that's the only way they'll ever leave their home turf - on the boss's orders. Petitioners tend to view all things as a test of character. They ain't eager to die, but they'll take that risk in order to further their own goals. For example, a petitioner warrior on Ysgard will fearlessly rush into battle, since combat is the glorious and right thing for him to do.

Petitioners are never player characters, but they often appear as 0- or 1st-level nonplayer characters. They can't gain additional levels or abilities unless elevated to the station of proxy. In a PLANESCAPE(TM) campaign, petitioners fill the roles played by commoners in primematerial worlds: landlords, grooms, spies, farmers, guards, etc. Petitioners aren't identical to commoners, though, for they always have a greater goal in mind (i.e., to merge with the plane on which they reside).

PROXIES

Some Outsiders think every planar's a proxy, but that just ain't true. Proxies are those beings - primes, planars, and even petitioners specially chosen to act as agents of the powers. Usually, the body chosen is transformed into a creature favored by the deity - into an evil rutterkin or a good deva, for example. On rare occasions, the being isn't transformed, but is bestowed with special powers. Proxies are absolute servants, obeying the wishes of their deity as fully as is appropriate to that alignment. Those of good powers are unswervingly loyal and obedient, and those of evil powers are utterly difficult and tricky, even for their masters. On the Upper Planes, a proxy knows he can rise even higher through

good service. On the Lower Planes, a proxy usually prospers by finding some clever and nasty way to create an opening for his high-up man.

Proxies are never player characters unless a power intentionally makes them one. Normally they are elite nonplayer characters who serve the powers. Their abilities are specifically granted by the deity who makes them a proxy, so their skills will vary according to the scope of their assignment. Proxies may join the player character party for a short while, or they may oppose it.

POWERS

Finally, there's the powers. Make that Powers: the deities that preside over the planes. Now, the Athar claim there just ain't no gods, but it don't matter if they're right or wrong because the powers definitely exist. Once more, they've got more might in their thumbs (those that have thumbs, that is) than any mortal's ever going to have, so be careful what you call them, berk, as the powers can have mean tempers. They can turn a man inside out and leave him still alive, or drop him off in the deepest layer of the Abyss with only half a map.

Actually, the powers don't take as much interest in the goings-on of the Outer Planes as they do in the Prime Material (excepting the Blood Warriors). It seems they get their strength mainly from the worlds on that plane, sucking up energy from their worshipers there. Without this energy they'll die - as much as an immortal can die. Getting a god killed ain't easy, though, since first there couldn't be a single worshiper left on a single prime-material world. (Not a simple task, eh?) Long before it dies, a power weakens to the point where its body is cast out of the Outer Planes to drift in the Astral Plane. It might cling to life forever or it might fall into an immortal decay - and depart for the realm of some ultimate god. That's not a fate most powers look forward to or allow, if they can help it. ('Course, they're used to being the biggest fish in the sea, so who can blame them?)

It's not that the powers ignore their worshipers on the Outer Planes. A deity's got to protect itself from the dealings of its fellows, so its plane-wandering clerics also get spells and granted powers, and they may even get called to help with a special mission. It's supposed to be a great honor to get chosen for a quick raid on Baator, just to recover a flower or whatever nonsense is required. Still, there's a bigger price for saying "No," so it's an honor most priests don't refuse.

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CREATING A PLAYER CHARACTER

Before following any steps to create a player character, ask the DM what kind of campaign he or she plans to run, as the type of campaign affects the choice of races and kits. The choices for a PLANESCAPE campaign are:

Prime and Planar Characters Both. This is the broadest option, allowing the DM to run adventures anywhere in the multiverse. All PLANESCAPE products are designed in this style. Players with this option can choose from the races, classes, and kits allowed in either the PLANESCAPE setting or those of any prime-material world (provided the DM allows it). However, players must choose to be either a prime or a planar. In this kind of campaign, one character might be a half-elf ranger from Toril, another a bariaur paladin from the Beastlands, a third a tinker gnome from Krynn, and so on. All races are found in Sigil, gateway to the planes.

Prime Characters Only. In this case, the DM intends to use the PLANESCAPE campaign setting for single adventures only. The characters and factions presented in this book can't be used to create

prime-material player characters. Rather, player characters can be of any race, class, and kit allowed in the base prime-material campaign. For example, player characters using a DARK SUN® campaign as a base could be half-giant gladiators or human preservers, but not githzerai priests or bariaur warriors of the Dustman faction.

Planar Characters Only. Here the DM intends to use the PLANESCAPE setting exclusively, so player characters are restricted to planar races.

PLAYER CHARACTER RACES

Once the DM has indicated the particular style of campaign that he or she wishes to run, the players can proceed to the selection of a race for their character. The available races are listed below. Descriptions of new player character races (indicated by italics) follow.

PLANAR CHARACTER RACES TABLE

Planar	Prime
Bariaur	Dwarf
Githzerai	Elf
Half-elf*	Gnome
Human	Half-elf
Tiefling	Halfling
	Human
	Any optional race from a prime-material campaign

* Planar half-elves are the result of a union between a planar human and a prime elf (as if they weren't already suffering from an identity crisis!).

BARIAUR

*Better is wrestle with a giant
than to lock horns with a bariaur.
- Ysgardian Proverb*

The bariaur is a centaurlike being of the Upper Planes, but it's hardly a centaur. In appearance, it's a combination of man and ram or woman and ewe. Roughly human sized, it has the body Of a large goat and the torso and arms of a human. The head is a mixture of human and animal. Males have a pair of ram's horns, but females lack them.

Bariaur tend to be fussy about their appearance. They usually wear shirts, jackets, blouses, vests, and leather girdles, but this is a matter of personal taste rather than decorum. They also dye, cut, and shave their pelts to make themselves look more attractive, at least to each other. The look is often finished with jewelry hung from horns or woven into their wooly hair.

Bariaur are a carefree lot. To some they appear irresponsible, but it's only a powerful wanderlust that makes them seem unsettled. There are no known bariaur towns, and few bariaur make anything like a permanent home. They do congregate in herds of their own kind, but the more dauntless range far and wide on their own or with adventuring parties. Sedentary bariaur favor a pastoral life of tending sheep herds, watching over meadows, and acting as guardians of the wilderness. This isn't to say they won't

be found in cities, but those sods are usually visiting out of curiosity or on business.

Most bariaur are found on the plains of Ysgard, with smaller populations on the planes of the Beastlands, Elysium, and Arborea. The bulk of the race is chaotic good, but player-character bariaur can be of any non-evil alignment. Bariaur are social and outgoing, friendly to strangers, but not foolishly trusting. They're noted for being fierce fighters, and they particularly hate giants, often going out of their way to attack these creatures.

All bariaur possess infravision (60-foot range) and have a movement rate of 15. They usually make one attack per round, but warriors can exceed this limitation as they rise in level. All bariaur are herbivorous, and even the thought of eating meat is revolting to most of them.

Bariaur possess special abilities that vary according to their sex. Males gain a +1 bonus to their Strength and Constitution scores, but they suffer a -1 penalty to Wisdom and Dexterity. From young adulthood males are never unarmed, for this is when their horns start to grow. A bariaur male can always butt for 1d8 points of damage (plus Strength bonus), tripling this result by charging at least 30 feet in a straight line. However, if the hit is successful, the charging bariaur character must successfully save vs. breath weapon or suffer the same damage as the target. The creature charged is knocked to the ground 50% of the time, if size M or smaller.

Females gain a +1 bonus to Intelligence and Wisdom scores, but they suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Dexterity. Lacking horns, they don't have the special combat ability of males, but they do have keen senses and an intuitive resistance to magic. Their sharp senses of smell and hearing allow them a +2 bonus on surprise rolls, provided the opponent has a scent or makes noise, and they gain a +3 bonus to saving throws vs. spell.

Bariaur males can be fighters, rangers, paladins, or priests. Bariaur females can be fighters, priests, or wizards. A bariaur can rise to 13th level in any class.

GITHZERAI

*Githzerai, Githyanki, who cares?
There're all the same.
- The Late Yufan Lis*

This race of mysterious humanoids now hails from the plane of Limbo, but the githzerai originated on the Prime Material, from a place called Gith. Their history is almost forgotten, but at its roots is a long-standing hatred of mind flayers and their cousin race, the githyanki. Once, the githzerai and githyanki were the same people, but bloody differences sundered them into two species. The cause of that split has long been lost, but the ageless bloodfeuds and forays of revenge continue unabated.

Githzerai look almost exactly like humans (but woe to the sod who suggests they're of the same stock!), except githzerai are slightly thinner and taller than humans. Also, their features are sharply cut and their faces are longer, but the most notable difference is in their eyes, which range from gray to catlike yellow. Githzerai are a severe lot who don't dress in bright colors, don't wear jewelry, and don't smile, at least not in public. They have no particular dislike of other races (beyond mind flayers and githyanki), but they don't often grow close to others either; they say what needs to be said and little more. Bards know githzerai make bad audiences they have no sense of art within them, it seems.

However, githzerai do have fierce passions that burn dangerously. First, as mentioned, the githzerai hate the githyanki. The long-time enemies will never willingly cooperate and will rather try to do each

other in. (This hatred isn't suicidal, though.) Second, the githzerai have a single-minded dedication to the security of their own race, no doubt the result of their never-ending war with the githyanki. The githzerai say little of their fortresses on Limbo, lest they say too much, and say even less of other activities. Finally, if githzerai have a sport, it's illithid hunting. Organized into parties called rrakkma, their youths cross the planes, hunting mind flayer prey.

Githzerai player characters gain a +1 bonus to Intelligence and Dexterity scores, but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Wisdom. Player characters can be of any nonlawful alignment. Character classes are limited to fighter (9th-level maximum), fighter/wizard (9th/12th levels respectively), wizard (12th level), or thief (15th-level maximum). The githzerai revere an ancient wizard-king as their god, and they have no priests.

Githzerai possess infravision to a range of 60 feet. More significantly, githzerai warriors and thieves possess an innate magic resistance of 5% per level (95% maximum). This magic resistance is always in effect; a player character can't voluntarily lower his resistance to benefit from a spell. In addition, their magic resistance also effects magical items they might use. Whenever a magical item is first used by a githzerai character, it has the above-defined percentage chance of becoming inert while in that character's possession. This check is only made once per item, and once determined it remains that way forever. A failed-roll item still detects as magical, but the character can't make use of its powers in any way. For example, a 5th-level githzerai fighter finds a suit of plate mail +1. As the character dons the armor, the DM checks to see if it will function. A 24 is rolled, just below the 25% chance to render it active (5th level x 5%). From then on, that particular suit of armor is no better than normal plate mail to that character. Githzerai wizards don't have any innate magic resistance, as they must purge that quality to become mages. Fighter/wizards can choose to have the resistance (with its penalties) or not, deciding when the character is created.

TIEFLING

*Don't ever make
a bet with a tiefling.
- Planar proverb*

In the multiverse, few creatures are of pure lineage, and even fewer are what they seem to be. That's the greatest truth of the tiefling's existence. It's not advisable to ask a tiefling about his or her ancestors, as the answer wouldn't likely be pleasant. Part human and part something else, tieflings are the orphans of the planes. They can be described as humans who've been plane-touched. A shadow of knife-edge in their face, a little too much fire in their eyes, a scent of ash in their presence - all these things and more describe a tiefling. No planar would mistake a tiefling for a human, and most primes make the mistake only once. Tieflings live with both pride and shame of who and what they are. They have no culture of their own, and most are loners, which fits their background. Some slip into the edges of human society, becoming poets and artists who describe the corrupt fringes of the respectable world. Adventurous types often spend their years probing the unexplored edges of the multiverse, be it to survey strange lands or experiment in the forgotten niches of magical science.

Humans don't trust tieflings (and deep inside they fear them), but they remain inexplicably fascinated by tieflings just the same. The planetouched are often accused of secret plots and awful alliances - mostly without a shred of proof - because of who and what they are. A tiefling learns early that life is unfair and hard. His reaction is to fight back and never let his foes see the pain. Other people, even other tieflings, simply aren't viewed as allies and often are automatically considered enemies. A

tiefling doesn't take a friend until he learns the measure of his companion, and even then he'll never fully trust anyone. "I watch my own back," is an old tiefling quip. They maintain no hereditary blood-feuds, but tieflings take care of themselves without any thought of others' problems.

Tiefling characters gain a +1 bonus on Intelligence and Charisma scores, but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Wisdom. Tieflings can be of any alignment save lawful good. They also gain a number of special abilities, based on their mysterious heritage: They possess infravision to a range of 60 feet and have the ability to create darkness, 15-foot radius once per day. Tieflings suffer only half damage from cold-based attacks, and they gain a +2 bonus to all saving throws vs. fire, electricity, or poison.

Tieflings can be fighters, rangers, wizards (including specialist mages), priests, thieves, or bards. They may also pursue multiclass options, including fighter/wizard, fighter/priest, fighter/thief, wizard/thief, and priest/thief.

Tiefling thieves make the following racial adjustments to their thief abilities:

PP	OL	F/RT	MS	HS	DT	CW	RL
-	-	+5%	+10%	+10%	-	-	+5%

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PLAYER CHARACTER CLASSES

*I'm dead? So why
I don't remember dying?
- Al-Jaffar, Formerly of Huzuz*

The classes available to the player characters depend on the campaign: Those that allow prime characters permit any class from the DM's base prime-material campaign. Planar characters can be any class found in the Player's Handbook, provided it's allowed by their race.

In a PLANESCAPE campaign, fighters and rangers are viewed as they would be in any campaign setting. As paladins are tied to specific powers, they may provoke extreme reactions. Those who share the paladin's faith treat the holy warrior with greater-than-normal respect. Those with opposite views consider paladins little more than sinister agents, and they treat them accordingly.

Wizards, whether mage or specialist, are not viewed with the same degree of respect accorded in most other settings. The planes are highly magical themselves, and wizards are just another part of it all.

Priests are treated with some caution. Most planars figure that priests, so close to their respective deities, must have special powers. This isn't necessarily true, but it's still a tough feeling to shake. Nevertheless, priests tend to attract trouble from planes of contrasting alignment. For instance, fiends love to give a good-aligned priest all kinds of grief. Long-lived priests learn to be clever, tough, or both.

Thieves are either heroes or heels. Creatures on the Lower Planes grudgingly give them a hateful respect - in their opinion, a good thief is untrustworthy, treacherous, and deceitful (good qualities all from their point of view, unless practiced against them). Beings of the Upper Planes hold the same opinions of a thief's character, but find little laudable in those qualities. Bards are more highly regarded

on the Upper Planes since their skills, while occasionally unfortunate, represent art and clarity of mind. A lower-planar creature considers a bard useful only to sing its praises.

Opinions and attitudes are less developed about the other character classes of the Prime Material Plane. Psionicists are viewed simply as another type of wizard. Black, Red, and Gray wizards from Krynn are viewed as weaklings, for their powers tied to the distant moons of that world. Tinker gnomes are considered abominations, best avoided or eliminated quickly.

Defilers and preservers from Athas (the DARK SUN campaign world) have a special status. Fiends like the destructive power of defilers, good beings hate it, and the relationship's just the opposite regarding preservers. Most planars consider Athas's elemental clerics woefully ignorant of the realities of the multiverse. Gladiators are just another type of fighter. Athasian bards are the only bards well regarded on the Lower Planes.

But here's the real chant: Names count less than actions. Want respect in Sigil? Then go out and earn it!

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A Players Guide to the Planes

FACTIONS OF THE PLANES

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Race and class don't make a whole person on the planes. A body's got to have a philosophy, a vision of the multiverse and what it all means. Sure, a fellow can get along without it, but how's he ever going to make sense of the whole thing and find his own "center of the multiverse"? How's he going to know his friends from his enemies in places where what he stands for can mean everything? A majesty of the whole thing On the streets of Sigil, and beyond, philosophies are more with leaders, goals, powers, and attitudes Every faction has its own way of seeing the multiverse and hasown powers to match Some of them get along, others don't, and some could care less about the rest of the multiverse Factions are a bit like character kits (see the various PHBRs), but unlike those, factions don't care what race or class a character is, The only thing that matters is alignment, and even then it sometimes doesn't matter. Factions provide a basher with a way to understand the planes. It's not the same as alignment, but it can be close. Also unlike kits, factions are actually organizations, with benefits and restrictions. Every faction has a leader, known as the factol, whose position is purely dependent upon dedication to the philosophy, not upon level or class. Some factions are more organized than others, and at least one - the Indeps isn't really a faction at all. Every planar player character must start with a faction, and once a faction is chosen, the cutter is pretty much stuck with it, so he or she should choose carefully. Those who change from one faction to another inspire about the same confidence as Benedict Arnold - they're hated by old companions and mistrusted by new ones. Prime characters don't automatically start with a faction. If the DM is running a mixed campaign with Sigil as its base, he or she can let prime player characters begin with membership in a faction. In that case it's assumed the character has been on the planes (as an apprentice or whatever) long enough to sort out the philosophies. If prime characters are adventuring here from a prime-material campaign, they won't belong to one of the factions and will automatically be considered Outsiders. Those folks might have character kits if their DM allows it.

Each faction described in the following pages is organized as follows:

Official Faction Title. Alternate and slang names, not all complimentary, are given in parentheses.

Faction Philosophy. This gives a quick summary of what the faction believes.

Primary Plane of Influence. This is the plane where the faction has the most power. Generally, this location is the plane with the alignment most similar to the faction's philosophy. Each faction's headquarters in Sigil is also noted here.

Allies and Enemies. The factions don't exist independently of each other. Some find their philosophies mutually favorable, while others hold beliefs at odds with one another. While factions rarely fight each other directly, rivals may not always be cooperative.

Eligibility. Listed here are the game requirements that must be met for a character to join the faction. These are most often a restriction on the character's alignment.

Gaming Benefits. These are the special abilities, rewards, and resources available to members of that faction. Some are applicable immediately, and others come into play as the character rises in level.

Gaming Restrictions. All factions have limitations which the player character must accept as part of the kit.

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THE ATHAR (DEFIERS, AGNOSTICISTS, THE LOST)

*Hey, you berk! If the gods really
were alive and cared,
do you think you'd be here?
- Factol Terrance of the Athar*



Faction Philosophy.

According to these folks, the great and feared powers are liars! Those who claim to be the "gods" of the planes are just mortals like us. Yeah, they're unbelievably powerful, but they're not gods. After all, they can die, they've got to keep their followers happy, and they often feud among themselves like children. Thor, Zeus, and the others - they're all impostors. Sure,



there might be a true god, or maybe even more than one, but such power is beyond all understanding. Such beings cannot be seen, spoken to, or understood by mortals. What's the proof? Look at the spells and granted powers of priests. Where do these abilities really come from? Why, it must be from the unknowable, from the true god that is behind everything, and the powers are nothing but channels for its will. Foolish mortals believe the powers are the source of all majesty, and why would the powers do

anything to correct that mistake? Ysgard, Mechanus, Baator, and the like are all lies, too. These planes aren't the abodes of supreme beings, just lands shaped by the wills of the powers. Anyone could do it with enough expertise. All the sweat and worry of petitioners ain't just for oneness with their plane - it's for a greater reward, if there's any at all. Proxies are merely magical or bio-magical transformations, the result of natural planar magic. 'Course, the Athar ain't stupid. "Let the powers call themselves gods," they say. "It ain't worth the laugh, because there's no point upsetting the powers." With all that might, an angry power'd be a dangerous enemy. All the Athar want is to part the veil, discover the secret behind everything, and look on the face of the unknowable.

Primary Plane of Influence. The Astral, where the Athar point to the bodies of the dying powers as proof of their beliefs. The Athar headquarters in Sigil is the Shattered Temple, a place once dedicated to the now dead and forgotten god Aoskar.

Allies and Enemies. The philosophy of the Athar is similar to the Believers of the Source. They are frequently allies, but not always.

Eligibility. The Athar are one of the few factions with class restrictions. Priests of specific deities are never members of this faction, since it's impossible to maintain faith in a "charlatan" deity. General clerics (believers in the greater power) can be members, though. Members can be of any race or alignment.

Benefits. Followers of the Athar faction are immune to these spells: abjure, augury, bestow curse, curse, divination, enthrall, exaction, holy word, and quest.

Restrictions. Because Athars deny the validity of the powers, priests of specific deities can't provide known Athars with aid in the form of spells and magical devices, particularly those of healing. Only the most dire circumstances can compel a priest to violate this restriction. 'Course, no self-respecting Athar would let any toadie of a power touch him, anyway...



BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE (GODSMEN)

*We are all one -gods, mortals,
even fiends come from the same source.
Who knows? Maybe next time you'll be a larva.
- Factol Ambar of the Godsmen*



Faction Philosophy. To these characters, all things are godly. All things can ascend to greater glory - if not in this life, then in the next. Patience, that's all it takes. See, here's the chant: Everything - primes, planars, petitioners, proxies, the whole lot - is being tested. Survive, succeed, and ascend - that's the goal of all beings. Fail and get reincarnated to try again. It's pretty simple and straightforward. 'Course, it ain't that easy either. First off, nobody really knows what the tests are. Is a body supposed to be good, evil, or what? Godsmen are trying to figure that out. Second, a fellow just might go in reverse - mess up and come back as a prime or something worse in the next life. It could even be that those who do really badly return as fiends. Finally, there's one last step nobody even understands. Getting to be a power ain't the end of the cycle. There's something beyond that, something that powers, themselves, eventually ascend to. Cross that threshold to the ultimate form and get released from the multiverse forever. Now, there's a fixed number of beings out there, and sooner or later we're going to run out, when everybody's ascended. A lot of the worlds on the so-called "infinite" Prime Material Plane are already pretty thinly populated. When a prime ascends to the next level, then there's one less prime in all the multiverse - unless, of course, a planar somewhere fails and falls back a rank. But sooner or later, everybody's going to attain the ultimate, goal, the final ascension, and when that happens the multiverse ends closes up shop, fades right out of existence.

So you see, the Godsmen calculate that's the whole purpose of the multiverse. The Prime Material, the Inner, and the Outer Planes - they exist to test and purge. It's just a matter of figuring what's being tested and how. When that happens, the Godsmen can hasten the end of the universe and get on with some new existence.

Primary plane of Influence. The Ethereal. The demiplanes of the Ethereal, formed by powerful wizards and the like, are evidence to the Godsmen that their philosophy is correct. In Sigil, the Godsmen maintain their headquarters at the Great Foundry, the symbolic forge of the planes.

Allies and Enemies. Since a central belief of both the Godsmen and Athar philosophies is that there's some greater thing that the powers, those two factions often find themselves allied. Likewise, the belief in the ultimate end of the multiverse sits well with the Doomguard, although any alliance between the two groups is always temporary. Both the Bleak Cabal and the Dustmen take exception with Godsmen philosophy, and they're considered foes of the Godsmen's cause.

Eligibility. The Godsmen are open to all races, classes, and alignments. However, priests of specific deities suffer a -1 penalty on all saving throws, for lack of utmost faith in their high-up man.

Benefits. Because they believe that all things have potential, Godsmen are generally well received throughout the planes. They gain a +2 (or +10%) bonus to all encounter reactions with planar beings.

Restrictions. In addition to the restrictions on priests described above, Godsmen can't be raised or resurrected by any means. However, they can automatically be reincarnated as a player character race (of the DM's choice).

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THE BLEAK CABAL

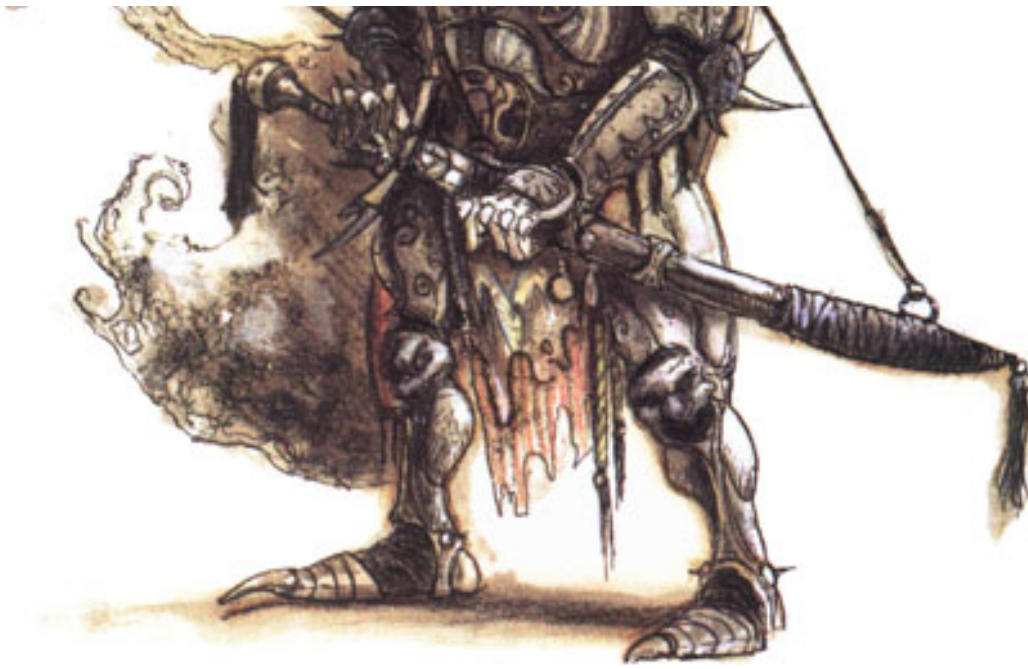
(BLEAKERS, THE CABAL, MADMEN)

*Hear the barmies howling in the mazes?
If you're here to learn the secrets of the multiverse,
you might as well save yourself some time and go join'em,
'cause that's all it means -that and nothing else.
- Factol Lhar of the Bleak Cabal*



Faction Philosophy.

"There's no meaning to it all," say the members of this faction, "so just give it up, poor sod. Whoever said reality had to make sense?" To these folks, the multiverse ain't even a cruel joke, because that would give it all meaning. Look at all those fools in



their factions, running around, trying to discover the meaning of something that's senseless. They'll waste their lives at it. And they call the Bleak Cabal mad - hah! Here's the Bleaker credo: "The multiverse doesn't make sense, and it ain't supposed to." That's all there is to it, pure and simple. It ain't "The multiverse is without meaning," because that answer's a meaning in itself. Look, the primes, petitioners, proxies, even the powers don't have The

Answer. Nobody is here for some higher purpose. Things just are, and whatever meaning there is in the multiverse is what each being imagines into the void. The sad part to the Cabal is that so many others refuse to see this. Looking for the "truth," these people don't see it. Once a sod understands that it all means nothing, everything else starts to make sense. That's why some folks go insane - from hunting for the snipe that ain't there. 'Course, some folks just can't handle the truth. They're the ones that howl and rage, gibber in the corners, and plead with the powers, as if that would help them. Well, too bad for them. Bleakers know the hard truth, and if other folks can't deal with that, it's no concern of theirs. For someone to join the Cabal, he or she (or it) has got to do three things: quit looking for meanings, accept what happens, and look inward. There's no meaning on the outside, so the question is, "Is there any meaning inside?"

Primary Plane of Influence. Pandemonium. This plane, the Howling Land, owes its existence to no one and no thing. Its passages rage with the screaming winds of madness, an apt home for the Bleak Cabal. In Sigil, the Cabal maintains its headquarters at the Gatehouse, the asylum before the Hive.

Allies and Enemies. The Bleak Cabal isn't a group most others view neutrally. The Doomguard, Dustmen, Revolutionary League, and Xaositects all view the Bleak Cabal sympathetically. The Fraternity of Order, the Harmonium, and the Mercykillers all have great difficulties with the Cabal's nihilistic point of view, and so must be ranked among their enemies.

Eligibility. The Bleak Cabal is open to characters of any race, class, or alignment save lawful. By their nature, lawful characters can't accept the Cabal's basic premise - that life exists without meaning - for without meaning there's no order.

Benefits. Considered mad by most, devotees of the Bleak Cabal are immune to spells causing madness or insanity, including chaos, confusion, delude, feeblemind, Otto's irresistible dance, and Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter. Furthermore, Bleakers are allowed a saving throw vs. spell against ESP spells directed at them.

Restrictions. Bleakers are subject to fits of deep melancholia as they reflect on the pointlessness of life. At the start of each game day, the player rolls 1d20. On a roll of 20, the character is overcome by the

futility of his or her own beliefs. The basher won't do anything unless philosophically convinced by another that it's worthwhile. Note that a monster eating another party member is not sufficient justification. (To the Bleaker, the poor sod's life or death is pointless anyway.)

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THE DOOMGUARD

Everything decays.

We're just here to help it along.

- Factol Pentar of the Doomguard



Faction Philosophy. Ever hear of entropy, berk? Take a look around: Everything's going down the tubes, falling apart, stopping. People die, rocks erode, stars fade, planes melt away. That's entropy, the fate of the multiverse. A lot of folks think that's a terrible thing, but not the Doomguard. They're pretty sure nothing lasts forever, not even the planes. It's the way things are supposed to be, they guess, the goal of everything. Sooner or later, the last bits of the multiverse'll decay, and then there'll be nothing left - think of it as existence's ultimate release from toil and pain. Now, the sods who try to fix things - stop the decay and put everything back together - they've got it all wrong. They're fighting the natural goal of the multiverse, trying to do something unnatural. That ain't right. So look, the Doomguard's here to see that the multiverse gets its way. Things are supposed to crumble, and it's the Doomguard's job to keep the meddlers from messing it up too much. What right do mortals have to deny the natural

existence of things? And

somebody's got to watch the proxies and the powers, to make sure they don't meddle with the process. Can't have the powers restoring things or ending them too fast, you know. Don't get this faction wrong. It's not like somebody builds a house and they tear it down. That building's part of the whole decay: The stonecutter chips the rock, the logger cuts the tree, and later the termites chew the beams until the whole case comes down on its own. There's a long view to this. The sod who can't see the grand scheme'll go barmy trying to tear down everything that gets built. So, everything's got a part in this. The primes slowly eat away their worlds, and planars do the same. Look at petitioners - entropy reaches perfection when they fade away. It'll all happen in time.

Primary plane of Influence. The Doomguard maintains one great citadel on each negative quasiplane: Ash, Vacuum, Salt, and Dust. The Negative Energy Plane represents the Doomguard's idea of the ultimate fate of the multiverse, so the Doomguard's citadels are built as close to the plane as practicality allows. In Sigil, their headquarters is the city's main armory.

Allies and Enemies. Both the Bleak Cabal and the Dustmen find the entropic visions of the Doomguard well suited to their own philosophies, although the Cabal sneers at the idea that entropy is the "goal" of the multiverse. The Godsmen agree with the idea that the multiverse is fated to end, but they can't accept the idea that destruction is the purpose in itself. The Fraternity of Order and the Harmonium reject the Doomguard's philosophy wholesale.

Eligibility. The Doomguard is open to all races and alignments. Priests with access to the spheres of healing and creation can never belong to the Doomguard.

Benefits. The Doomguard is very military in organization and outlook. All members are trained to fight with a sword, gaining a +1 to attack rolls when wielding one. Those bashers normally denied the use of swords can use one without penalty, but they must abide by all other restrictions of their class.

Restrictions. The Doomguard are naturally resistant to healing and cures. For any such spell or magical device to have effect, a Doomguard cutter must first fail a saving throw vs. spell. If the save is successful, the magic is negated.

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THE DUSTMEN (THE DEAD)



Faction Philosophy. These guys say Life's a joke, a great trick. Nobody's alive; in fact, there's no such thing as Life. Sure, the petitioners are dead compared to the rest of us, but everybody else is dead, too - they just don't know it yet. So what's the chant? Simple: "All these worlds and all these universes are just shadows of another existence." This multiverse the



Prime Material, the Inner, and the Outer Planes - is where beings wind up after they die. Look, if things were truly alive, would there be such pain and misery in the multiverse? 'Course not! Life is supposed to be about celebration and positive feelings. Existence here is muted, dull, full of pain, and twisted with sorrow. What kind of celebration is that? This existence is a mockery of true life. Fact is, everyone is dead - primes, planars, proxies, petitioners, all of them - it's just that some are more dead than others. Primes are just started on the path, planars are a little further along, and petitioners, well, they're almost to the end. Then there's the walking dead. They've attained purity in this world - purged themselves of all passions and sense. The goal's not to merge with the planes like the petitioners think; it's to purify the self, to become one of the true dead. This is important: In order to appreciate Death in proper Dustman fashion, a sod has got to explore his

so-called "life" to its fullest and understand his present state of existence with all its trials before moving up the ladder of Truth. The berk who gets restless and rushes things dies a fool, and he'll probably be forced to go through the whole thing all over again - that's a real waste of time! Here's the chant: Respect Death, and don't ever treat it like a servant.

Primary plane of Influence. The Negative Energy Plane. Through great effort, the Dustmen maintain a citadel in the inhospitable darkness of that plane. In Sigil, their headquarters is the Mortuary, the place where the bodies of all who die in the city are sent.

Allies and Enemies. The Dustmen's views tend to provoke strong reactions. The Bleak Cabal favor their grim viewpoint, as do the Doomguard. The Fated find certain common ground in the deterministic views of most Dustmen, too. On the other side, the Dead's fatalistic rejection of life runs counter to the teachings of the Sign of One. Of all the factions, the Society of Sensation is the most opposed to Dustman teachings. Furthermore, most primes have a great deal of difficulty dealing with Dustmen, for a Dustman's views on life and death are too extreme.

Eligibility. All races, classes, and alignments are welcome to become members of the Dustmen. Priests of death gods are particularly common in this faction.

Benefits. The Dustmen have one of the most unique abilities of all the factions, embodied in the Bead Truce. This truce is a pact, reached in times more ancient than memory, between the Dustmen and the beings of the undead realm. The effect of the truce is that the undead'll ignore a Dustman, so long as the Dustman does nothing to harm the undead creature. If the Dustman breaks the pact, the undead and its companions will treat the sod as they would any other living being. This pact applies only to

Dustmen. If one of this faction is with other bashers, the undead will react to the rest of the group normally (attacking, for example) while ignoring the Dustman. Should the Dustman aid his companions, those undead are released from the pact. Because of this possibility, it's more common to find Dustmen working side by side with zombies and such.

Restrictions. A Dustman's chance of resurrection survival is half that of other characters. The concept of raising and resurrection is counter to the philosophy of the faction, and so it's not something willingly accepted by most Dustmen.

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THE FATED (TAKERS, THE HEARTLESS)

*Having is existing.
- from 'Sayings of the Fated'*

Faction Philosophy. This faction says the multiverse belongs to those who can hold it. Each sod makes his own fate, and there's no one else to blame for it. Those who whine about their luck are just weaklings; if they were meant to succeed, they could have. Here's the way the multiverse works, according to the Takers: Everybody's got the potential to be great, but that don't mean it's going to happen. It takes work and sweat for things to come true, not just a lot of hoping. Those that work hard get what they, deserve. Nothing's free - not in this life or any other. Proof? Look at the poor petitioners. Can they just sit back and wait for their rewards? No, the powers put them through the mill with all kinds of trials. A lot of them fail and die permanent little deaths, but those that have the strength and the will reach the reward. There's no point feeling sorry for the berks who didn't make good - it was their own fault for being weak. Some softhearted folks call this a cruel philosophy, saying that there's no compassion in it. Well, that's just, excuse for weakness. Sure there's





compassion, but a body's still got to earn it. The best way to keep from being hurt is to be strong enough to fight back. Most folks think there's

nothing to the Fated but taking, but the Takers'll tell a berk it's more than that. There's lots of things a being has to earn, and he can't get all of them by force. A body's got to have some respect, too, and that's something that can't be got with force. There's happiness, too. A basher's got to go out and make happiness, and no amount of hitting people is going to get that. It takes kindness without weakness, compassion without cowardice. "The next time somebody snivels about their lot in life," say the Takers, "just remember the powers gave 'em the wherewithal to get on with their life. It's not anybody else's fault if they ain't going to use it."

Primary plane of Influence. The Fated's philosophy fits well with the rough-and-tumble attitudes of the powers found on Ysgard, so it's hardly a surprise that the faction is strong there. Their headquarters in Sigil is the Hall of Records, where the ownership of all things important is recorded.

Allies and Enemies. Of all the philosophies, the Fated's is closest to the "leave-me-alone" attitude of the Free League, and the two often work cooperatively. The Mercykillers share some sentiments with the Fated, too particularly attitudes about compassion and mercy - yet they don't accept the "might-makes-right" attitude of the Takers, so the two groups are only cool allies. The Harmonium views the Fated as wrong-headed and dangerous, and the two must be considered enemy factions.

Eligibility. Membership in the Fated is open to any race or class. However, lawful-good characters can't join the Fated.

Benefits. The Fated are great believers in self-sufficiency. They start with twice the number of proficiency slots, and all proficiency categories are available to any character class at no additional cost. Thus, a warrior could learn a proficiency from the wizard category without spending any extra slots.


Restrictions. Adherents to this philosophy can't accept or perform charity in any capacity. Everything they receive must be earned in one fashion or another, and the service must be provided before the payment is given.

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THE FRATERNITY OF ORDER (GUVNERS)

*The planes are governed by laws. Laws can be learned.
Learn the laws and you rule the multiverse.
That is our goal.
- Factol Hashkar of the Guvners*



Faction Philosophy. These folks are sure that everything's got laws. Mankind's got laws. Sigil's



got laws. Even the Lower Planes got their laws. Now, once a body's got the laws down, he does pretty well, right? He knows how to use them to his advantage, and how to break them without getting caught. If everything's got laws, then there are laws for the whole birdcage - the planes and all that. And if everything's got laws, then those laws can be learned. See where this is going? Learn the laws of the planes and learn how to break 'em, how to use 'em to best advantage. Get to be a real blood, a pro, and a basher'd have real power. Think of the things a body could do with the laws of the multiverse under his thumb. He could manipulate the very heart of things! It'd make magic seem like a lousy put-up, make a fellow who knew the dark of things a real high-up man. He could find the loopholes of the multiverse, the little spots not covered by any rules, where he could do what he wanted. He'd

be tougher than the powers themselves! 'Course, it ain't that easy. The multiverse keeps its laws dark, where a body's not likely to find them. More than a few cutters have got themselves put in the deadbook trying to learn it all. Then there's the powers - it ain't likely they want any sod getting the secrets of more power than them. So let all the other berks run around, looking for the meaning of the multiverse. It doesn't matter what it all means, because that won't tell a body how it all works. Knowing the operation of things - that's what's important. Who cares what it means when a blood can make it do what he wants? So how's a fellow to find out? Knowledge - knowledge is power. It takes study, it takes searching. Sometimes a body's got to go out into the planes and look for the answers. Sometimes it takes science, study, and research. There are millions of laws to make this thing go, and the more a body knows, the more he can do.

Primary Plane of Influence. The cog-wheeled plane of Mechanus, where everything aspires to perfect order, is the stronghold of the Guvners. In Sigil, their headquarters is the City Courts.

Allies and Enemies. With their knowledge of laws, Guvners are considered useful by many. They're strong allies of the Mercykillers, who uphold laws, and they're close to the Harmonium. At the other extreme, the Xaositects and the Revolutionary League are both opposed to the Guvners. The Doomguard, while not an enemy, remains suspicious that the Guvners are trying to prolong the life of the multiverse.

Eligibility. The Fraternity of Order is open to all classes and races, but because of its highly structured view of life, all members must be lawful in alignment.

Benefits. With their incessant search for order in all things, the Guvners have a highly attuned sense of patterns. They can automatically comprehend languages once per day. Upon reaching 7th level in their chosen class, Guvners gain enough knowledge of the multiverse to use item once per day, regardless of class. Unlike the spell, the effect has a maximum duration of 24 hours.

Restrictions. Guvners believe in laws, though the rightness or wrongness of them often makes little difference. A Guvner won't knowingly break a law, unless he or she can find a legalistic loophole to avoid the penalty.

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THE FREE LEAGUE (INDEPS)

*Sod off! I don't need
your mumbo-jumbo.
- Karris, an Indep*



Faction Philosophy. This ain't no faction and nobody tells them what to do. The idea that any berk knows the truth and everybody else's wrong - well, that's a chance a body shouldn't take. Who's right - the Guvners? The Mercykillers? The Chaosmen? Since when does a smart gambler play all his jink on a single throw? The short and long of it's simple: There's nobody who's got a sure key to the truth, so it pays to keep the options open. Maybe the multiverse is like the Lost say, but it could be the way the Godsmen tell it. Side with one view and find out it's wrong and, well, a fellow comes up a loser. There's no wisdom in that! Still, a body's got to belong to something, if he wants to stay alive. The Free League's kind of an informal group of



like-thinkers. They share news, pass around jobs, and watch each other's backs. Hey, in a place like the planes, a body can't be too careful. There ain't nobody tells an Indep what to do. They hire on with whom they please, insult whom they dare, and drink with the rest. Every creature's free to find his own path, his

own meaning to the multiverse, and what works for one probably isn't the answer for another. Pure fact is, there's a lot of truths out there. Some figure Indeps to be cowards, afraid to play a stake on the truth, but Indeps see themselves as free thinkers, refusing to be shackled to some blind ideology. Truth is, there are some that don't want to make the choice, for fear of offending one power or another. Then again, there's plenty of folks seeking to make their own truth - maybe even start themselves a new faction.

Primary plane of Influence. The Indeps have a lot of power on the Outlands, the heart of the Great Ring. It's no surprise that in Sigil their headquarters is found in the Grand Bazaar, where everyone looks after himself.

Allies and Enemies. Because Indeps have kept themselves free of a single philosophy, most other factions view the Free League with a cynical neutrality. Indeps are just about anything in others' eyes: useful mercenaries, potential recruits, or dangerous spies. Rival factions'll use the Indeps in their various plans, but few would ever trust them. Only the Harmonium, with its rigid beliefs, takes a strong stand against the Indeps.

Eligibility. Anyone who wants to can call himself an Indep. Race, class, and alignment make no difference to this group.

Benefits. Being bodies of their own minds, Indeps are a stubborn lot, hard to persuade. This gives them a natural resistance to all charms, whether by spell, creature, or magical item. Indeps save vs. charm with a +2 bonus on their roll. Against charms that wouldn't normally allow a saving throw, Indeps make a normal saving throw (without the bonus).

Restrictions. Being independent, the Free League has no factol and therefore is not represented in any city business. Indeps have no judge in the courts, nor any seat on the council. Not surprisingly, in Sigil Indeps have few protected rights.

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THE HARMONIUM (THE HARDHEADS)

*Do it our way or no way.
Understand that, berk?
- Factol Darius of the signers*



Faction Philosophy. The secret of the multiverse? That's simple, and every cutter in the Harmonium knows what it is: "The Harmonium is always right." Look, the goal of every enlightened being in the multiverse is to live in perfect harmony with all others. Look around: Peace or war - those are the only true states of the multiverse. If a being and its neighbors got the same views, then there's peace between them. When they don't agree, that's what causes war; one body figures it can use fists to convince the other. Now, there's some powers who say otherwise, but the Harmonium believes that peace is a better end than war. For one, all of a body's work won't get destroyed during times of peace. Families don't get killed, kings can actually spend time ruling the people, scholars can study, and petitioners can raise their crops. Everybody, even the fiends on the Lower Planes, can prosper. On the other hand, the Harmonium says there's only one way to have peace: their way. War or peace - squabble among each other or join the Harmonium - those are the only choices. The Harmonium believes that the ultimate goal of the multiverse is universal harmony, and it's ready to spread that belief to all those other sods out on the planes. If it takes thumping heads to spread the

truth, well, the Harmonium's ready to thump heads. Sure, there may not be peace right away, but every time the Harmonium gets rid of an enemy, the multiverse is that much closer to the universal harmony it was meant to have. And what happens once the Harmonium succeeds? (And it will succeed, that's certain - just ask them.) That part's simple. When everyone is in agreement with the Harmonium, a new golden age will begin. That's why the Harmonium works so hard to get folks to conform - it's all for their own good.

Primary Plane of Influence. The Harmonium is strongest on the plane of Arcadia, where the ideal of harmonious good is seen in all things. Within the city of Sigil, the Harmonium claims the City Barracks as its headquarters.

Allies and Enemies. Because of their fierce devotion to order (albeit their order), the Harmonium often works closely with the Guvners and the Mercykillers. Indeed, within Sigil the trio forms the wheels of justice: The Harmonium makes the arrest, the Guvners conduct the trial, and the Mercykillers carry out the sentence. With their unbending attitudes, the Harmonium also has many enemies. Indeps, the Revolutionary League, and Xaositects all have little patience with the rigid views of the Harmonium.

Eligibility. All races and classes are welcome to join the Harmonium, but the applicant must be of lawful alignment.

Benefits. Members of the Harmonium gain benefits from their firm beliefs and fierce dedication to them. All members of the Harmonium are able to use charm person once per day, regardless of class or level.

Restrictions. Their rigid beliefs also expose several weaknesses in Harmonium philosophy. Any variance from the orders of a Harmonium superior requires an atonement on the part of the character before he or she can rejoin the ranks of the faction. Members who "turn stag" - betray the faction - are automatically sentenced to death by the factol. Even refusing to return to the faction's ranks is considered treasonous.

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THE MERCYKILLERS

(RED DEATH)

*It's better for some berks
to be in chains than to be free.
You, for instance.
- Tall Tally of the Mercykillers*



Faction Philosophy. As far as this faction's concerned, justice is everything, and there ain't no sod who can give it the laugh. Those cutters that try'll have the Mercykillers on their tail, so the smart thing is just don't try. It's the whole reason laws exist - to see that justice is carried out. Justice purges the evil in folks and makes them better, fit to belong in the multiverse. Once everybody's been



cleansed, then the multiverse reaches perfection, and perfection's the goal of the multiverse. Justice is absolute and perfect, but it's got to be correctly applied. A body's got to know the knights of the post, the criminals from the innocent, so he doesn't make a mistake. Mercy's an excuse created by the weak and criminal. They think they can rob or kill and then escape their crimes by pleading for

mercy. The Mercykillers are not so weak. Every crime must be punished according to the law. There are no such things as "extenuating circumstances." That being the case, some smart cutters figure they'll hang the Mercykillers by their own yardarm and accuse them of some of their own crimes. Well, the Red Death'll just smile and say it answers to a higher law. Charged with protecting justice, they can do things others can't - all in the name of justice. How else could they survive their own ideals? 'Course now, other folks don't agree with Red Death logic. To them, the Mercykillers ain't above the laws or even right in what they do. The Mercykillers don't like such folk's attitudes, but they can't hang a being for its opinions - at least not in most places. See, the Mercykillers say they don't make the laws, they only enforce them. All in all, they're no better than the rest, but no worse than a few.

Primary Plane of Influence. The Mercykillers are most powerful on the plane of Acheron. Within Sigil their headquarters is the Prison.

Allies and Enemies. The Harmonium, the Guvners, and the Mercykillers form a natural triad of arrest, trial, and punishment. As in Sigil, they are often found together in the other towns of the Outlands, serving as the local justice system. The Doomguard is sympathetic to the goals of the Mercykillers, seeing ultimate entropy in the process of punishment. Not surprisingly, the Mercykillers are at odds with those groups who place the individual over all. Signers, Sensates, and Anarchists in particular seem to have constant run-ins with the Red Death. It'd be expected that Indeps would defy them, too, but this group has the sense to leave well enough alone.

Eligibility. The Mercykillers are a strict group, allowing only those of lawful alignment to join them. Thieves and known criminals are absolutely unwelcome.

Benefits. Because of their passion for punishment, every Mercykiller can detect lie to a single question once per day.

Restrictions. Mercykillers consider themselves innocent of crimes when these are committed in the course of punishing a known criminal. Should a Mercykiller commit a crime for any other reason, he or she would be subject to full punishment under the law. Furthermore, although a Mercykiller can accept the surrender of an individual (so that person can be properly punished), he can never release a lawbreaker until the proper sentence has been carried out.



THE REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE (ANARCHISTS)



Faction Philosophy. "These universes, these powers, they're all corrupt!" screams this faction. "They're guiding people in the wrong directions, keeping them slaves and prisoners to the powerful. The old beliefs are lies." These sods claim that Guvners, Chaosmen, Mercykillers, Athar - every last one of them - no longer care about the truth. Their factols all have property, bodyguards, jink, and influence. They're not looking for the truth; they just want to hang onto what they've got. Well, the Anarchists say it's time for that to change. It's time to break free of the chains and seek the real truth. And that's only going to happen when a body's free of the bonds of the other factions. A being's got to be able to make his own choices, but would any faction just let a body go? Think the Harmonium would say, "Sure, we admit we're

wrong. Go and find your own way." Not a chance! The only way a being's ever going to get its freedom is to tear down the old factions. Throw 'em down, shatter 'em, break their power - that's what's got to be done! When the old factions are crushed, a sod has a chance to learn the real truth. 'Course, a body's got to be careful. The plutocrats don't want to give up a single grain of their power cache, so they'll try to break the spirit of the revolution - if they can catch it. A blood's got to be careful and keep himself dark from the factols or he'll end up lost in an alley some night, so the best thing to do is to pit the factions against each other. A cutter doesn't need to hit them head-on unless he wants to end up in

the dead-book. Once the factions all come down, then folks can find the real truth. What's that truth? No one knows and there's no way of saying. There ain't no point in thinking about it even, not until what's standing now is brought down. Break it all and rebuild with the pieces that're left - that's the only plan.

Primary Plane of Influence. The Revolutionary League is best typified by the grim exiles of Carceri, forever scheming to overthrow their enemies. In Sigil, the faction rejects the idea of a fixed headquarters. Instead, it moves from place to place in the city, to prevent its discovery by the unwanted. The Anarchists have no factol.

Allies and Enemies. Although their stated goal is the overthrow of all, the Anarchists do have allies. The Doomguard and the Xaositects both find much merit in Anarchist activities, even if they don't agree with the philosophy. At the other extreme, the Harmonium and the Guvners consider the Revolutionary League an abomination.

Eligibility. Anarchists care nothing for race or class and even profess no interest in alignment. However, their doctrine of overthrow prevents lawful types from joining their faction.

Benefits. The Anarchists' power is limited but cunning. They can automatically pose as a member of any other faction without being detected. They don't gain special abilities that are spell or training related (such as a Xaositect's babble or a CIPHER's initiative bonus), but they can benefit from abilities related to position or title, including access to the faction's headquarters.

Restrictions. Anarchists can never hold any public office or noble title, own a business, or take part in anything that would tie them into the power structure of the planes. Fully 90% of all treasure gained by those bashers must be distributed either to the cause or to the oppressed. In no case can it be given to another player character or player-controlled nonplayer character.

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THE SIGN OF ONE (SIGNERS)

*Where is the center
of the multiverse?
I'm the center
of the multiverse
- Factol Darius of the Signers*



Faction Philosophy. Every person, every individual, is unique. This is the greatest glory of the universe - that each creature living (and dead) is different from all others. It's obvious, then, that the multiverse centers around the self, or so this faction would have everyone believe. "It's



quite simple, addle-cove," one of these sods would say. "The world exists because the mind imagines it. Without the self, the multiverse ceases to be." Therefore, each Signer is the most important person in the multiverse. Without at least one Signer to imagine it all, the rest of the factions would cease to exist. Better be nice to the Signers then, berk, because they just might decide to imagine a body right out of existence. Don't think it can be done? Maybe not, but then a basher's a fool to take the risk. Lots of folks disappear without a trace, and more than a few are enemies of the Signers. Makes a body think, don't it? So, some smart cutter'll say, what happens if two Signers don't agree? What if they both think different things? Then what happens? After all, the multiverse is the same for everybody. The answer's easy for a Signer. Since he's the center of the universe, then obviously everything else is from his imagination - simple. Nobody else really exists except as he thinks of

them, so of course the multiverse is the same. How else could it be? A lot of folks don't accept this idea. After all, they point to their own feelings and emotions, their own self, as proof the Signers are wrong. And the Signers simply claim to have imagined it all. What others feel and think isn't real; only what the Signers feel is. So exactly who is imagining the multiverse? That part even the Signers don't know for sure. One of them is, but they can't agree on which one. The safest bet is just to fall in with their faction, because any Signer could be the source of everything. Remember that, berk.

Primary plane of Influence. The Signers are strongest on the plane of the Beastlands. Within Sigil, their headquarters is the Hall of Speakers.

Allies and Enemies. The Signers and Sensates share some common points in their philosophies, making the two natural allies. Signers also gain frequent recruits from the Outsiders, who often are comforted by being placed at the center of importance. The Harmonium finds the Signers more than slightly annoying, and the Bleak Cabal's the most opposed to them of all.

Eligibility. The Sign of One is open to all classes, races, and alignments. However, lawful good and lawful neutral characters may find adhering to the One's beliefs difficult at best.

Benefits. Because they believe all the world is created from within, Signers are hard to fool with illusions of any type. A Signer automatically gains a saving throw vs. spell when confronted by illusionary magic.

Restrictions. Perhaps because of their often immense egos, Signers have difficulty understanding the motives and feelings of others. Hence, they suffer a -2 penalty on all encounter reactions and loyalty checks of nonplayer characters.

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THE SOCIETY OF SENSATION (THE SENSATES)

*Touch it. Smell it.
Taste it. See it. Hit it.*
- Falcon Erin of Sensates



Faction Philosophy. According to these folks, the multiverse is known by the senses - the only proofs of existence. Without experience, without sensation, a thing isn't. If a sod can't taste the soup, then it ain't soup. The only way to know anything for sure is to use the senses. Look, it ain't that hard to understand. Which is real, a description of a rose or the rose itself? Only a barmy'd choose the description, which ain't real. It's got no smell, no thorns, no color. Picking a rose, that's real, and the way a body knows is by experiencing it. The senses are the only way to know the universe. So some berk'll ask, "What's this got to do with universal Truth, the meaning of the multiverse?" Well, the chant is no one's going to know the big dark until they've experienced everything - all the flavors, colors, scents, and textures of all the worlds. Only when a body's

experienced the whole universe does the great dark of it all finally get revealed. It may seem like an impossible task, but there just might be a way to bob the problem cheat the multiverse, as it were. It just might be that the multiverse doesn't exist beyond what a body can sense. The answer to what's over the next hill just might be "nothing." Given that, the multiverse has limits, and a body can try to experience it all. A being's got to savor the intensity, explore the complexity. Don't just guzzle the wine - find all the flavors within it. Before a sod's all done, he'll learn the differences between Arborean and Ysgardian wine, know them by vintage, and even by the hand of the vintner. Only then do the secrets of the multiverse start to make themselves clear.

Primary plane of Influence. The Sensates are strongest on Arborea, a plane of great beauty in all things. In Sigil, their headquarters is naturally the resplendent Civic Festhall.

Allies and Enemies. The Sensates and the Signers, both egocentric factions, do share points of agreement concerning their philosophies, and they often cooperate in their activities. Sensates are cordial to Guvners and Indeps, intrigued by their descriptions of things far away. However, they're opposed to the philosophies of the Doomguard, which sees worlds only as decaying objects.

Eligibility. The Society of Sensation is one of the most liberal of all factions. Anyone, of any race, class, or alignment, can join.

Benefits. All Sensates have highly attuned senses. They have infravision to 60 feet, regardless of race, and they gain a +1 bonus to all saves vs. poison and die rolls for surprise.

Restrictions. While not to the point of foolhardiness, Sensates are fascinated by new tastes, smells, and so forth. Whenever possible, they'll seek out new experiences. In practice, they can't refuse offers that could lead to these - a new wine, an exotic flower, or whatever. Only when faced with obvious deadly peril will they shun such temptations.

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THE TRANSCENDENT ORDER (CIPHERS)

*By the time you've thought about it,
I'll have killed you.
That makes it a do-or-die deal!
- Factol Rhys of the Ciphers*



Faction Philosophy.

These guys say that for a body to become one with the multiverse, he's got to stop thinking and act. Action without thought is the purest form of thought. When a cutter can know what to do without even thinking about it, then he's become one with the multiverse. It goes like this. Every berk's part of the multiverse, and nothing's apart from it.



So it figures that every being knows the right action to take at just the right moment. Problem is, some folks start thinking and mess it all up. Thinking adds hesitation and doubt. It overrules instinct and separates a sod from the multiverse. By the time a poor sod's" thought about something, the right action for the right moment is gone. So all a berk's got to do is

just quit thinking, right? 'Course it ain't that easy. Any addle-cove can blunder in and act without giving it a thought, but that's not the goal. A body's got to work hard at learning himself - learning his own mind and instincts until the right action comes automatically. It's done by training both the body and mind. Just like the way thieves practice their crosstrade, a Cipher's got to train his mind (the source of action) and body (the actor) to be one thing. There's no difference between the two, no separation between thought and motion. Body and mind act as one - the hand moves before the thought reaches it. So what's all this get a fellow, then? Once mind and body are in harmony, the spirit becomes in tune with the multiverse. A blood understands the purpose of the multiverse and knows just where and how he should be.

Primary Plane of Influence. The Order is strongest on Elysium, the plane of harmonious good. Within Sigil, the Order's headquarters is found at the Great Gymnasium.

Allies and Enemies. Believing that all truth is found internally, Ciphers don't seek out friends or enemies among the factions. Most other groups give them a lukewarm reception, although the Harmonium is always suspicious that Ciphers harbor thoughts contrary to universal harmony.

Eligibility. The Transcendent Order is open to any character of neutral alignment.

Benefits. The training of a Cipher stresses quick and unhesitating action. Thus, all Ciphers gain a +1 bonus to their initiative rolls.

Restrictions. Because Ciphers act unhesitatingly, they suffer a unique restriction: In play, as soon as an action is stated for a Cipher player character, that cutter is committed to the action. The player can't say, "Oh, wait, I changed my mind!" Bashers who pause to consider or debate pending actions are failing to adhere to the philosophy.

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THE XAOSITECTS



(CHAOSMEN)

*Beautiful is!
Chaos too dim multiverse.
Is to notice most the of.
- Factol Karan of the Chaosmen*



Faction Philosophy. As these sods see it, the multiverse wasn't born from Chaos - the multiverse is Chaos. There's no order, no pattern to anything. That's the meaning of the multiverse, the great secret everyone else is just too dull-witted and cowardly to admit! Look around. Is there any pattern to this existence? Any order that gives it all meaning? None, not a one. The only order is one that the addle-coved Guvners and Harmonium try to impose on it. Their order isn't natural to the multiverse. Why, the minute they leave, the multiverse reverts to its natural state of disorganization and chaos. So why fight it, since Chaos is how things are meant to be? It has a beauty and wonder all its own. By gazing upon Chaos, learning to appreciate the randomness of it and understanding its sublime intricacies, the Xaositects (pronounced: kay-Oh-si-tekts) learn the secrets of the multiverse. They want to play within the unshapeable Chaos, and to be a part of its uncontrollable energies.

Primary Plane of Influence. Limbo is the heart and soul of the Chaosmen,

for here the wild energies of creation rage at their fullest. In Sigil, the Chaosmen make their headquarters at the center of the Hive, a turbulent slum.

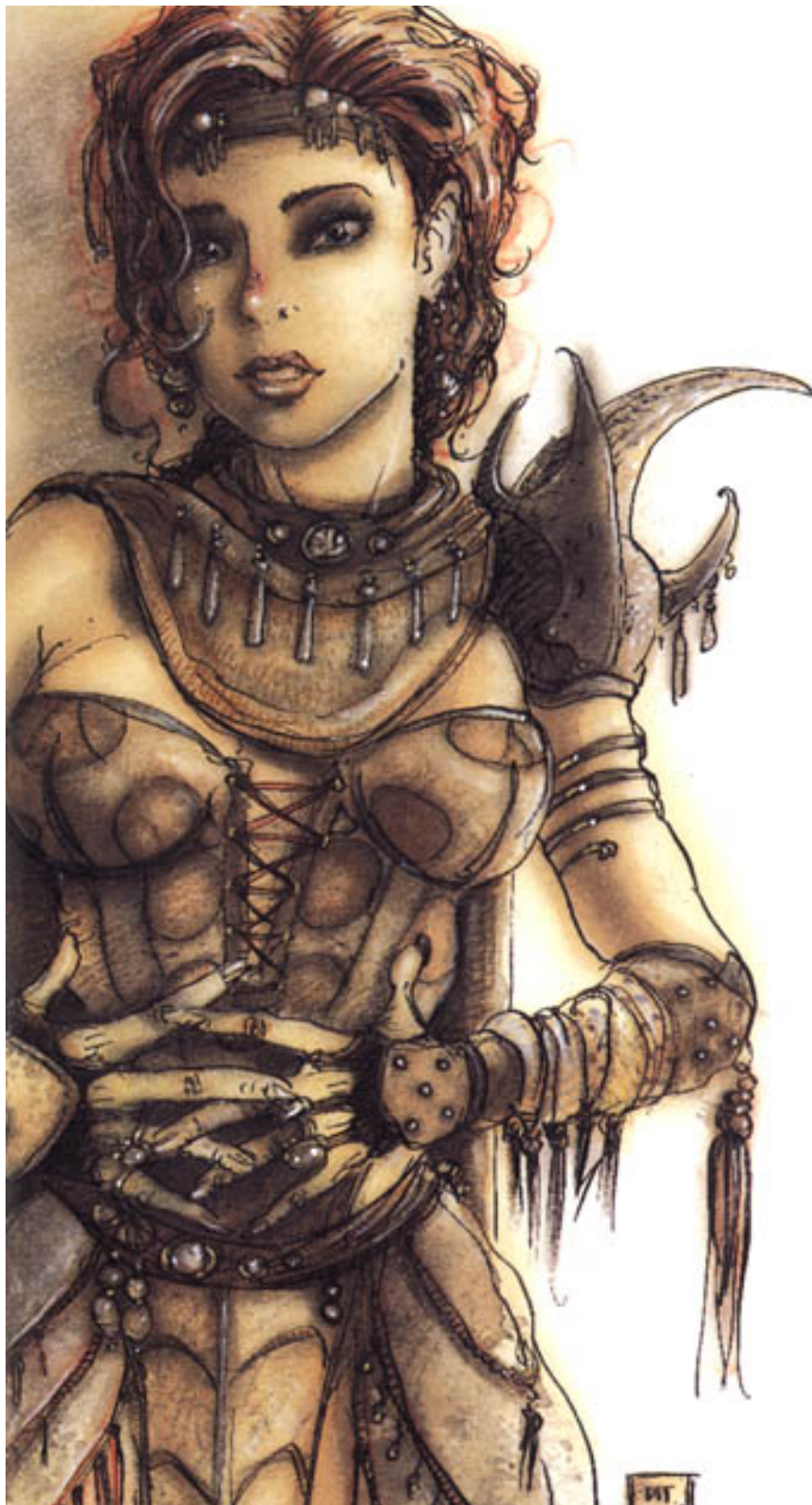
Allies and Enemies. The Chaosmen, the Doomguard, and to some extent the Bleak Cabal all get along and work together, as much as those committed to Chaos can work together. Not surprisingly, the Harmonium and the Guvners are stridently opposed to the theories of the Chaosmen.

Eligibility. The Xaositects are open to all races and classes, but only those of chaotic alignment can join this faction.

Benefits. Believers in the ultimate power of Chaos, the Xaositects can use babble (reverse of tongues) once per week, regardless of race or class.

Restrictions. The Chaosmen are committed to the power of Chaos. As such, they can never found businesses, build strongholds, raise armies, or undertake any other action that requires long-term organization and discipline. Indeed, they just barely hold their faction together as it is.

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THE OUTSIDERS (THE CLUELESS)

*Hey, is this Waterdeep?
- Rking of Faerun*

Philosophy. Pretty much none - no faction, no philosophy. Outsiders are just that: adventurers who have wandered in from the Prime Material Plane, folks who aren't part of the planes and don't understand all this business of factions, philosophies, and whatnot. They've got no stake in knowing the meaning of the planes. They might be curious, but they're not part of the never-ending debate that rages throughout the planes. Outsiders bring with them a lot of peculiar ideas, at least by planar standards. Most of these have to do with notions that their world is the center of the multiverse, that their kingdom is the greatest wonder of the multiverse, or that their god is the greatest power of them all. Planars often make great fun of Outsiders for their wrong-headed beliefs, but primes have their ways of getting revenge against those who give them grief.

Primary Plane of Influence. Outsiders are clearly strongest on the Prime Material Plane, and especially so on their home world within that plane. Outsiders have no headquarters in Sigil.

Allies and Enemies. Outsiders have no



recruits and potential enemies. The strongest reaction to Outsiders is one of general pity for their unenlightened ways.

Eligibility. Any sod from a prime-material campaign is automatically considered an Outsider.

Benefits. Outsiders gain the benefits for prime characters, described earlier. In addition, within Sigil, Outsiders are frequently hired for mercenary work, since their lack of faction allegiance is seen as a benefit.

Restrictions. Outsiders are not subject to the general resource restrictions of the other faction kits.

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GENERAL FACTION BENEFITS

*Looking for the Xaositect's faction headquarters?
Come with me - you're under arrest.
- Minnith, a Harmonium officer*

In addition to the specific benefits described in each entry, all factions have certain common benefits, the rewards of belonging to a group. Being part of a faction has rewards that go along with the philosophy. Some of these are particular to a basher's outlook on life, like a Dustman's pact with the dead, but nearly all factions have some rewards in common.

The most obvious of these benefits are the fellowship and sanctuary of the faction headquarters. This is more than just a meeting hall, although it serves for that, too. Most faction headquarters provide services for the needs of the followers as well.

Information. There's a lot of dark about the planes. Where to find portals in Sigil, where those portals lead, and spell keys for the different planes are just a few of the things a cutter needs to know before setting out on an adventure. Some of this a body can pick up from the chant on the streets, or maybe buy from a traveler in a shady tavern, but a berk never knows when some sharper's going to bob him with forged information. It's much better to go to one's faction headquarters for what a body needs to know. Sure they charge - nothing's free - but they don't cheat their own.

Employment. Most factols figure it's bad advertising when their members are unemployed too long. Looking shabby and poor doesn't attract that many new followers, and out-of-work partisans can create all sorts of trouble. It's pretty common, then, for the faction headquarters to keep an ear open for potential jobs.

Planars know that troubles can often be solved by taking them to the right faction. Got problems with undead? The Dustmen are probably best for the job. Somebody escape the slippery claws of justice? Tell the tale to the Mercykillers. For a cut of the profit or some up-front jink, a fellow can get connected with a potential employer through his or her faction headquarters.

Healing. Another common practice of the factions is to keep a few like-minded clerics at their headquarters. Most factions believe in taking care of their own, so the clerics are there to provide

healing, lift curses, cure diseases, divine secrets, and perform other nonadventuring tasks within their power. It costs - and it can cost a lot - but at least the service is reliable.

Miscellaneous. In addition to these services, there's a host of little things a faction can do. There's advice, companionship, spare beds, and occasional hot meals. A headquarters ain't an inn, though, so don't expect to set up shop there. A night or two is tolerated, but after that a berk had better find some jink and get himself a proper room. There are also some things that won't happen at faction headquarters. They're not in the business of loaning money or gear, especially not to adventurers. Oh, a lot of factions are rich, and some maintain sizable armories, but that's for their own emergencies. They won't attack other factions, either - at least not directly. Most factols aren't too keen on seeing a bloody creed war waged in the streets of Sigil, except maybe the Xaositects and the Doomguard. Factions don't interfere with the government of Sigil, either. In fact, some of them are part of that government, but a body can always find advice on who to garnish and how much to offer. Finally, factions don't send out rescue parties. Get in trouble out on the planes and a berk's on his own - unless, of course, he's got something the faction really wants.

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